

matta Hajland, a Philadelphia young man of weath, on her journey with guide, Good Anse Tribott, into the st of the Cumberlands to become of valuan of wealth, on her journey will be guide. Good Anas Tabout, into the base of the Cumberlands to become a function of the mountain children, faint at the door of Fletch McNashs cabin while reading there she overhears a tall between Bull Anas Havey chief of his clim, and one of his henchmen that ne chaints her with the Havey McDrlar foul finants has an improfitable fall, with Buches and they become antagonists. Calbourlas of the Havey chan is on trial i lead, for the murder of Noah Wyatt, the figure. In the night Junnita hear foundain ride past the McNash cabin foundain ride past the McNash cabin country and Dawn McNash become criends. Cal Daughas is acquitted. Nag Sendists ride past the McNash cebin, branks and Dawn McNash become criends. Cal Designs is acquitted. Nash Wyatt aftempts to kill him but is him-bit falled by the Havers, Juanita gree to live with the Wildow Everson, whose boys are coinside the feud. Milt McBriar, head of his clan, meets Bad Anso, there and discissing responsibility for Wyatt's attempt fo kill Douglas. They declare a trace, under pressure from Good Anse trace, under pressure from Good Anse trace, and the send of the send of the like that Isad Anse is opposing her efforts to buy land and build a school.

## CHAPTER VIII.

As days grew into weeks Bad Anse Havey heard nothing of the establish ing of a school at the head of Tribulation, though all the gossip of the countryside which might interest a dietater filtered through the valleys to his

He smiled a little over the copy of Plutarch's "Lives," which was the compension of his leisure moments, and iseld his counsel. While he thought of Franka horself with a resentment which sprang from hurt pride, he felt for her, as a menace to his power, only

But Jennita's resolve had in no wise weakened. She had seen that her original ideas had all been chaotic and born of ignorance, so she occupied herself, like a good and patient general, in pulling all the plus out of her little war man and drafting a completely naw plan of campaign:

With Good Anne Talliott she rode up dwhidling watercourses to the hovels of the "branch-water folks" and across hills wheresoever the cry of sickness or distress called him, and since his introduction was an open sesame, she found welcomes where she went.

And soon this figure, that walked with an almost lyric grace, yet with a boyish strength and litheness, became finniliar along the roads and trails.

Instead of asking, "Who mought thet be?" mountaineers nodded and said: Thet's her," and some women added: "God bless that child."

She had been into many glooms cabine that repelled the brightness of the summer sun, and she had been more like sunlight than anything that doors before.

She sometimes rode over to the cabin of Fletch McNash and brought little Dawn back with her to spend a mountain girl wandered together in announced: the woods, and Dawn's diffidence gave way and her adoration grew. Twice Watt." Juanita found another visitor at the ognized her only with a haughty mod, like that of an Indian chief, and she gave him in return a slight lucilexation of her head, accompanied by a shance of starry contempt in her violet even. Yet, in the attitude of the mounmineers to the man, she saw such hero-worship as might have been accarded to some democratic young monarch walking freely among his subjects.

Ones Fielch said: "Majom how's yure school a-comin' on? Air ye gittin' things started ter suit ye?" Juanita flushed.

"Not yet," she answered. "I'm trying to get acquainted first. When I do start, I hope to make up for lost

"I reckon that school will be a right good thing over thar; don't ye 'low Anse?" Fletch's good-natured density had not recognized the hostillty between his two guests. Anse laughed quietly,

"I reckon," he said, "so long as the lady just keeps on sayin' 'not yet' tharwon't be no harm done. I don't quarrel with dreams"

The tady flushed, and a hot retort rose to her lips, but she only smiled. "I'm biding my time, Fletch," she assured him. "My dream will come

But for this dream's fulfillment she must have land. There must be dormi tories for boys and girls, and playgrounds where muscles and brains, grown slow from heavy harness, could se quickened. She fancied herself hev yore tale." Estening to the laughter of children

who had not before learned to laugh & cue to its cause.

This man rubbed his brown toe in the dust and spoke in a lowered voice. wanted." "I don't mind tellin' ye that I'd be dumb willin' ter sell out an' move." His eyes shone greedily as he added: Fer a fair figger, but I moughtn't live

ter move of I sold out."
"What do you mean?" she asked

Wall, I wouldn't hardly like ter hev this travel back ter Bad Anse, but I've I've done run ther thing down."

done been admonished not ter make

no trades with strangers." "Oh!" she exclaimed in a low voice, and her face flushed wrathfully. a long pause, then slowly shook his demanded after a moment's silence. "Are you a bondman to Ead Anse Havey? Isn't your property your own?" He looked away and rummaged in his pockets for a few crumbs of leaf tobacco, then he commented with the dreary philosophy of hopelessness: "Hit's a God's blessed truth thet a

So, she told herself, Bad Ause had begun his war with boycott! She could not even buy a foothold on which to begin her fight. Back there in the Philadelphia banks lay enough money, she bitterly reflected, to buy the country at an inflated price, to bribe its courts, to hire assassins and snuff out human lives, yet, since the edict of one man carried the force of terror, she could not purchase a few acres to teach little children and care for the ye start now?" sick. At least it was a confession that, for all his fine pretense of scorn, the man recognized and feared the potentiality of her efforts.

As the bright greens of June were scorched into the dustier hues of July and the little spears of corn grew taller, she began to feel conscious of a certain drawing back, even of those who had been her warm admirers, and to notice seowls on strange faces as they eyed her.

Somewhere a poison squad was at work. Of that she felt sure, and her eyes flashed as she thought of its authorship. Each day brought her new warnings offered under the semblance of kindness and friendship.

"Folks hereabouts liked her powerful well, but hit warn't hardly likely thet Had Anse, nor Milt McBriar, would suffer her to go forward with her projecks. They'd done been holdin' off 'cause she war a weman, an' she'd better quit of her own behest."

So they were willing to let her surrender with the honors of war! Her lips tightened.

In answer to detailed questioning her informant would shake his head vaguely and suspect that "hit warn't rightly none of his business nohow; he just 'lowed hit war a kindly act ter give her timely warnin'.'

## CHAPTER IX.

One afternoon, while old Milt Me-Eriar was sitting on the porch of his the withered face, but the woman only house, a horseman rode up and "light- stirred a little, like a half-wakened had ever come through their narrow ed." The horseman was not of pleas- sleeper, and looked stolidly up. After ant expression, but he knew his mission and was sure of his welcome.

" "Evenin', Luke," welcomed the Mc-Briar chief, and as the visitor sank up ther sheet. He's a-layin' thar." day or two. The "furrin" girl and the into a chair with a nod, he laconically Then once more she sank back into

"I've done found out who kilt Nash

Old Milt never showed surprise. It men, and in them Juanita recognized

McNash cabin-Bad Anse Havey. He was his pride that his features had Jeb McNash and I banished all register of emotion. Now to a corner, as though ashamed of ditions. having been discovered in tears. For



he merely leaned over and knocked the ash from his pipe against the rail- er's voice rose almost to a scream. "Wall," he commanded curtly, "let's

"They picked out a man fer ther job But as she made inquiries of land- fightin' heretofore," pursued the other dal, she was met everywhere with a ler thet nobody wouldn't suspect; him yore cheer!" enserve which puzzled her until a bare- bein' peaceable an' mostly sober. But footed and slouching farmer gave her he shoots his squirrels through the embrace shudder at the lashing invecgun. Thet war ther kind of man they

> Milt McBriar shifted his position little. He seemed bored.

"Who war this feller?" The bearer of tidings was reserving his climax and refused to be hurried. "I reckon ye'll be right smart astonished when I names his name, but thar hain't no chanst of bein' mistook.

"I hain't nuver astenished," retort- the latter rose and laid one hand on | "I do liken you to Milt McBriar, ought to know. Ye didn't know that ed McBrias. "Who war he?" Very cautiously the second muz colled around and then best over and other, eye to eye, then the elder of the sals and you kill his. Both of you do mighty God have gone in partners fer

tell yer what ter do now."

head.

ram live a spell."

attention. His face was darkening.

wish I durst hev Anse Havey kilt."

him he came at once to the point.

barn somebody shot one shoot from

Go! Junuita would go if it were

her own. So with net face and hot in

dignation Juanita mounted for the

cabin and found gathered about it a

score of figures with sullen and scowl

were fashioning the box which was to

There was no fire now, and the

cabin was very dark. In a deeply

shadowed corner lay Fletch McNash

made visible by the white sheet that

for a moment thought that no one

else was there. The younger children

had been sent away, and the neigh-

bors remained outside with rough

There, in a souat chair near the

cold hearth, sat Mrs. McNash, her

back turned to the room. She was

leaning forward and gazing ahead

with unseeing eyes. Dawn was kneel-

ing at her side with both arms about

a while she spoke in the lifeless, far-

"Ef ye'd like ter see him, jest lift

away tone of utter lethargy.

with its dead ashes.

ashes against the chimney.

buried in her lap.

ye got him yit?"

had recognized the presence of the

The boy lerked his head toward the

Then, as if rousing from a long

her mother's drooping shoulders.

serve in lieu of a casket.

sense of consideration.

whispered a name. There was a short two began to speak. pause, after which the chief comment ed: "Wall, I reckon I don't need ter "I reckon I knows," confessed Luke with a somewhat surly expression.

to bide your time." But Milt McBriar was paying no "I wish I could afford ter git the real man!" he exclaimed abruptly. "I I hain't askin' nothin' out of ye but murder." jest one word. Jest speak one name, that's all I needs." "Wall"-this time it was the underling who spoke casually-"I reck

on I mought as well die fer a sheep as a lamb. Shell I kill Anse Havey fer and his whole body rigid and tense hands out and continued: The chieftain looked at him during with passion.

"No, Luke," he said quietly. "I hain't quite ready ter die myself yit. know-not yet. The McBriars acted brother. I shall try to give the fam-I reckon if I hed ye ter kill Bad Anse on suspicion—an' they killed the lly one unblighted branch. Unless about things," he resumed, "ye'd have thet's 'bout what'd happen. Jest git wrong man. Ye ain't seekin' to do you kill me, I shall stay here and fight. seen that I didn't have no quarrel with ther lamb this trip an' let ther old likewise, be ye? Ye ain't quite twenty- I'll fight you and your enemy Me- your plans. Mebby I mought even So, one unspeakably sultry morning, a few days after that informal session, of me, boy. I ain't bent on deludin' take the ground out from under your whether the ways here be right or



"Fletch McNash Hes Done Been Kilt." ye're plumb, everlastingly sartain who got your pa, ye won't raise your Juanita had come in silently, and

gun against any man." ples. Even Juanita Holland had felt raised his face.

"An' will ye give me yore hand,

Juanita bent and impulsively kissed The boy nodded his acquiescence and hurriedly left the room. Junnita lies. gently lifted Dawn's head from her lap and went forward to the hearth.

the coma of her staring at the hearth that to remain silent longer was all only thing I asks is thet ye harken to most to become an accomplice. Then the door opened, letting in two Something in her grew rigid. She

saw the bent and lethargic figure of attention." the bereaved wife and the stark, sheet.

"Mr Havey" she said as her voice killed a few moments there was slience in grew coldly purposeful with the ring that you did not intend to give these ye. If ye was a man I could." Bad Anse stood with folded arms in poor children the chance to grow the dim light and gave no sign that he straight and decent."

She paused, because so much was struggling indignantly for utterance icy coldness-"I'd be pretty liable to that she found composure very diffihearth and said in a strained, hard cult. And as she paused she heard

after that no one spoke. Jeb's thin voice: "Who told ve that?" but muscular chest rose and fell to "Never mind who told me. I haven't that you and the others like you did the swell of heavy breathing and his come here to answer your questions. go there. I'd try to see that you went that made his eyes smolder and his fight conditions for which you stand trap of the gallows." lips snarl. Juanita had dropped back as sponsor and patron saint. I came norance makes them easy tools and speak with a fair counterfelt of amuse dream, Mrs. McNash looked up, and dupes for murder lords-like you."

Again her tumult of spirit halted for the first time appeared to realize that her son and his companion had her and she heard Dawn sobbing with to be right smart disappointed—on acgrief and fright on the bed. "Are ye through?" inquired Anse Havey.

The dead blankness left her pupils, and into them leaped a hateful fire. His voice had the flinty quiet Her voice came in shrill and high- of cruelly repressed passion, and his face had whitened, but he had not in the trouble to make any statement pitched questioning: "Wall, Jeb, hev moved. The boy only shook his head and

"No. I'm not through," she went on glowered at the wall, while his moth-"Hain't ye a goin' ter do nothin'? fairs-wishing only to give your peo-Thar lays yore pap what nuver harmed ple, without price, what they are en reckon afore ye decides to hang me no man, shot down cold-blooded. Don't titled to-the light that all the rest ye'll let me have my day in court, ye hear him a-callin' on yer ter settle of the world enjoys. I found the comthet hain't been mixed up in no feud his blood score? Air ye skeered? Ther munity bound hand and foot in But as she made inquiries of landgolders whom a price might tempt to
with unruffled calmness. "He's a felpleadin' with ye—an' ye sets still in

I found their hirelings murdering each "That's the way you usually have you other from ambush. I'm only a wom- day in court, isn't it, Mr. Havey?" Juanita felt the slender figure in her an, but I carry the credentials of decency and civilization. You two men just now," he reminded her. "I reckhead every time he throws up his tive that fell from the mother's lips. have everything else-everything ex- on ye can judge for yerself how much She saw the boy's face whiten; saw cept decency and civilization. You I owns ye.'

him rise and turn to Bad Anse Havey, and Milt McBriar!" He had listened while the muscles of his jaws stood out in cramped tendeclared. "I kain't tarry hyar no sity and the veins began to cord them longer. He b'longs ter me. I've got selves on his temples. Now he said than ye do me," he went on slowly. "I ter go out an' kill him. Thar hain't in a low voice, between his teeth: "By think ye're plumb honest in all the but one thing a-stoppin' me now," he heaven, don't liken me to Milt Me notions ye fotched up here, despite added helplessly. "I don't know who Briar!"

The girl laughed a little hysterically He stood before the clan chief, and and wildly, then swept on:

the shoulder which had begun to trem- What in heaven's name is the differ- they'd ruther have ignorance ble. Man and boy looked at each ence between you? He kills your vas charity. Ye think that you an' Altwo began to speak.

"Jeb. I don't want ye to think I ambuscade. In this house a man lies don't feel for ye, but ye don't know dead—dead for no quarrel of his own, who the feller is, an'ye can't hardly but because of your quarrel with Milt against thievery; where all we ask is go shootin' permiscuous. Ye've got McBriar. But it seems that's not to be left alone. I reckon every day "But," interrupted the boy tensely, the dead man into a life that will have straight?" It's nat'ral enough that ye "you knows. You knows everything the same end for him. You hind him should be right scornful of a man that hyarabouts. In heaven's name, Anse, apprentice to your merciless code of some newspaper reporter has called a

Her hands were clenched and her When she stopped speaking the man mers out in the barn. The mother had dropped back into her stuper again, and her son stood inquired once again "Are ye through "Is that all?" she asked, but the there, his broganed feet wide apart now?" But Juanita threw both her man shock his head and stood there

Anse Havey once more shook his well. I mean to take the girl. I screaming out: "Talk if you want to, "No, Jeb," he said quietly; "I don't children the evil you will do her me. I can't stand it!" set this coutnry free."

Mrs. McNash was looking up vague ly, but her thoughts were still far down half-way to hell. away, and this outpouring of speech "If people hyarabouts is distrustful near at hand meant little to her.

too weak to support her, and for the liked. A man by the name of Trevor. first time in her life, as she looked cally afraid of a man.

His eyes seemed to pierce her with nous. For a moment he did not permit afore ye makes 'em trust you." himself to speak, then he thrust a chair forward and said in a level, toneless sort of voice: "If ye're all through now, mebby ye'd better sit away to save my life?" down. Such eloquence as that's liable ter tire ye out right smartly."

forward and pointed to it. This time the crack of a mule-whip.

"Sit down, I tell ye! I've got just lew words ter say my own self."

## CHAPTER X.

For a few moments Bad Anse Havey while his finger-nafls bit into his tem pushed forward. Havey paced the nar-Anse Havey, that if ye finds hit out his coat-pockets. A long black lock reckon that won't break my heart." afore I do, ye'll tell me that man's fell over his forehead and he impatiently shook it back.

and death. Now it seemed to her sin't got any way of answerin'. The feudal tyranny." what I want to say."

At their coming Dawn looked up, ed body of the feud's last victim. Be hirer of murderers. That's a lie. I've me, uskin' the name of the man he drawing away from the embrace of fore her stood the man more than never killed no man that didn't have sought to kill, ye would have said ter the older girl, and retreated silently anyone else responsible for such con- his face t'ords me, nor one that wasn't him, 'It was so and so, but ye mustn't armed. I've never hired any man harm him, because somebody writ in

of Jeb's pipe when he knocked out its you did not mean to let me stay here; right bitter things, an' I can't answer

you say to me?" she inquired.

tell ve to eternally go to hell." "And if I were a man," she promptly voice: "Set ye a cheer, Anse," and him inquire in an ironically quiet retorted, "I'd endeavor with every ounce of manhood I had in me to see

face was wrapped black in a scowl I came too these feud-cursed hills to the appropriate way-through the She saw his attitude stiffen and his to one of the beds with Dawn's face here to try to give the children re- face flush brick-red to the cheek-bones. lease from ignorance-because ig- But after a few seconds she heard him

"Wall, it 'pears like we've both got

count of your bein' a woman." And this time it was she who flushed.

"I don't hardly know why I'm tak to ye," Havey went on. "It ain't hardly worth while. Ye came up here with with rising vehemence. "I came here your mind fixed. Ye've read a lot of seeking to interfere with no man's af- hearsay stuff in newspapers, an' facts ain't hardly apt to count for much. I

> "Before your own judge and you own jury?" she naively asked him. 'It's you that's settin' as the court

In spite of herself she smiled.

"I rather think I can," she admit-"Approximately, at least."

"I think I understand ye better the fact that most of 'em are wrong. Ye've done come with a heap of money to teach folks what you low they'd

enough. You must enlist the son of ye're wonderin' 'Is my halo on

murderer. His voice fell away, and Juanita eyes burning with her tempest of rage. heard again the beating of the ham-

looking down on her until under the "You have taken the boy-very spell of his unusual eyes she felt like shall try to undo in her and in her but for heaven's sake don't look at

"Mebby ef ye'd stopped to think one, Jeb, an' I'm the head of the fam- Briar alike, because you are only two have been able to help ye. I could ily. I reckon ye'd better take counsel sides of the same coin. Fil try to have told ye for one thing that feller hyarabouts is plumb lucky es Good Anse Talbott arrived at the ye, an' ye can trust me. Ye've got to feet and leave you no standing room wrong, they've done stood fer two Widow Everson's house. As Juanita give me your hand. Jeb. that until outside a state's prison. Dawn shall hundred years. Ye've got to go slow learn the things that will, some day, changin' 'em. Ye can't hardly pull up a poplar saplin' with one jerk. Thar's a tap-root underneath it thet runs

of furrin teachers an' ways, it's be-Juanita, as she finished her wild cause of the samples they've had. A peroration, fell suddenly to trembling. feller came here once from the settle-Her strength seemed to have gone ments to teach school. He was a out of her words. Her knees seemed smart, upstandin' feller an' well

"When folks found out that he was into the face of Anse Havey, ominous- locatin' coal an' buyin' their land fer ly blanched with rage, she was physi- next to nothin'-robbin' them of their birthright-it looked right smart like somebody might kill him. I warned the stabs of rapters, and in his quiet him away to save his life. Ye've got self-repression was something omi- to make folks forget about Trevor

"Thank you," said Juanita coldly. "I'll try to show them that I'm not another Trever. Are you warning me

"I'm tol'able ignorant," went on the man, "but I've read a few books, an' The girl made no move to take the one of 'em told the story of the Trojan chair, and Anse Havey took one step hoss. I wanted ter see what kind of a critter you was a ridin' into these his voice came quick and sharp, like hills. I come to this cabin the night ye got here to find out." "I thought so," she quietly answered.

"I was to be inspected like an immigrant, and the lord of the land was te decide whether or not I should be sent back.

"Put it that way if ye've a mind to." The boy sank down into his chair did not speak, and Juanlia dropped al. be answered. "Ye was comin' to be a and bowed his head in his hands, most limply into the chair he had schoolteacher here. Well, I'd done been a schoolteacher here. I see your row length of the room, pausing once smile-ye're wonderin' what I could the effect of Havey's wonderfully to gaze down at the rigid body of the teach. Maybe, after all, it's a right quieting voice. Finally Jeb McNash dead man. At last he came and took good idea to teach A B C's before ye his place squarely before her by the starts in with algebra an' rhetoric. Ye hearth, both hands thrust deep into wouldn't have me as a friend, an' I "Then," said the girl, looking up

and meeting his eyes with a flash of "I ain't never turned my back on a kinsman yet, Jeb," said Anse grave- deliberate voice, "ye've said some along without your favor. We could things that I doubt not ye believe to hardly have met on common ground be true, but they're most all of 'em at best. I shall teach the ten com mandments, including 'Thou shalt not He flung back his head and looked kill.' I shall teach that to lie hidden squarely down at her, his eyes nar-behind a bush and shoot an unsuspect row and snapping, but with his voice ing enemy is cowardly and despicable raged at this callous talk and this pitched to a low cadence. "Ye've said I would not be willing to tell them private usurpation of powers of life things that, since ye're a woman, I that they must live and die vassals to

"No," he agreed, "ye couldn't hard ing. Price \$1.00 .- Adv. ly outrage your holy conscience by "Go on; I'm listening with humble tryin' to teach 'em things in a way they could understand, could ye? If with the use of American coal from "Ye've called me a murderer an' a Jeb had come to ve. like he came to a book two thousand years ago that "Ye've likened me to Milt McBriar. killin' is a sin.' An' the hell of it is the room, complete except for the rap of challenge, "I have been told that Thet was a lie, too. Ye've said some ye'd low such talk would satisfy him. "Ye couldn't do no such wicked

thing as to stop an' reflect that he's a "And if I were a man, what would mountain boy, an' that for two hundred years the blood in his veins hes "I reckon"-his words came with an been a comin' down to him full of



grudge-nursin' an' hate. Ye couldn't make allowances for the fact that he wasn't hatched in a barnyard to peck at corncobs an' berries, but in an eagle's nest-that he's a bird of prey. Ye couldn't consider the fact that the killin' instinct runs in the current of his blood an' was drunk in at his mother's breast. Ye'd just teach barnyard lessons to young eagles, an' that's why ye might as well go home."

Someone has found out that widow era remarry more often than widows; with the latter this is regarded as a disfortune and not a fault.-Washing

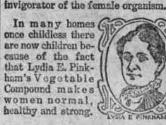
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from which reason makes its calcula tions and records. Reason is a calculating machine. Give it correct premises and it will compute and Reason cannot select correct prem ecord the right answer every time. But reason has no power of choice t the matter of premises; like any es; she can only prove the prem-n you give her. "Oh, what a won sature is man," exclaimed is a ffrancisin; "he can find reaso

Who, or what, then, is responsible | Life is the actor, reason is acted | have not improved much on what had | larger needs, and the modern sta aind it, which supplies the premises for the choice of premises that you feed into your calculator? It is life itself which uses reason. It is life itself which creates reason, the cal-culator. And why does life need culstor. And why does life need reason? Life needs reason to weigh, compute, compare and record life's institutions and experiences. Without well regulated calculating machine it the calculator and recorder, reason, natically accepts the premises life would endlessly duplicate its exled into it. You have but to watch periences and intuitions without

did it; I hain't got no notion."

half in ferocity, half in pleading.

"Maw's right, Anse," he doggedly

Life is positive and reason negative. To depend upon reason as guide is to exalt the machine above the mind that made it.

instance of the modern adaptation of ancient devices to twentieth century In many things the so-called learning anything from them. Life celled the ancients of Greece and although occasionally we do succeed is the creator, reason the creature. Rome, and in many other things they in expanding their ideas to fit our own

seen acomplished some two thousand years ago. In science, discovery and invention, especially in regard to things material and utilitarian, we have undoubtedly outstripped them; but in poetry, philosophy, painting, sculpture, architecture—in short, in the realm of the arts-we have made but little progress, and that not on particularly original lines Their works are still serving as our models

is a case directly in point, in this instance we have borrowed both the